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COMICS PRESENTS:

"ANGELA"



story

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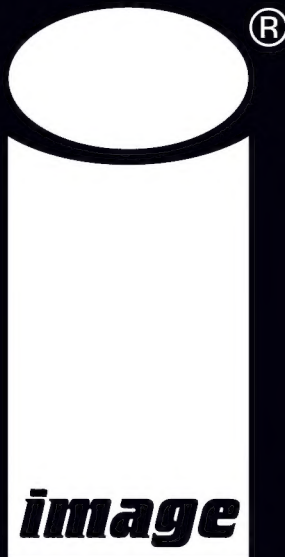
HARVEY KURTZMAN

FOR IMAGE COMICS

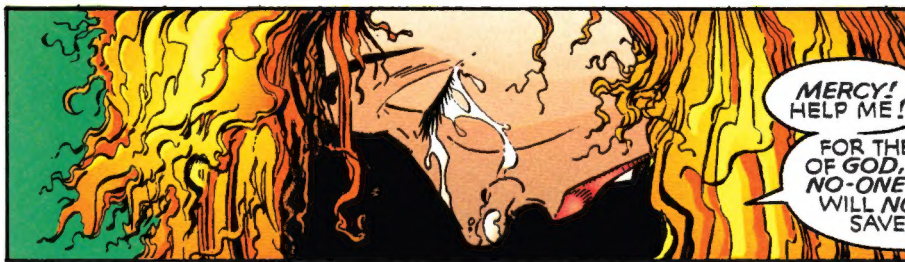
LARRY MARDER - exec. director TONY LOBITO - publisher

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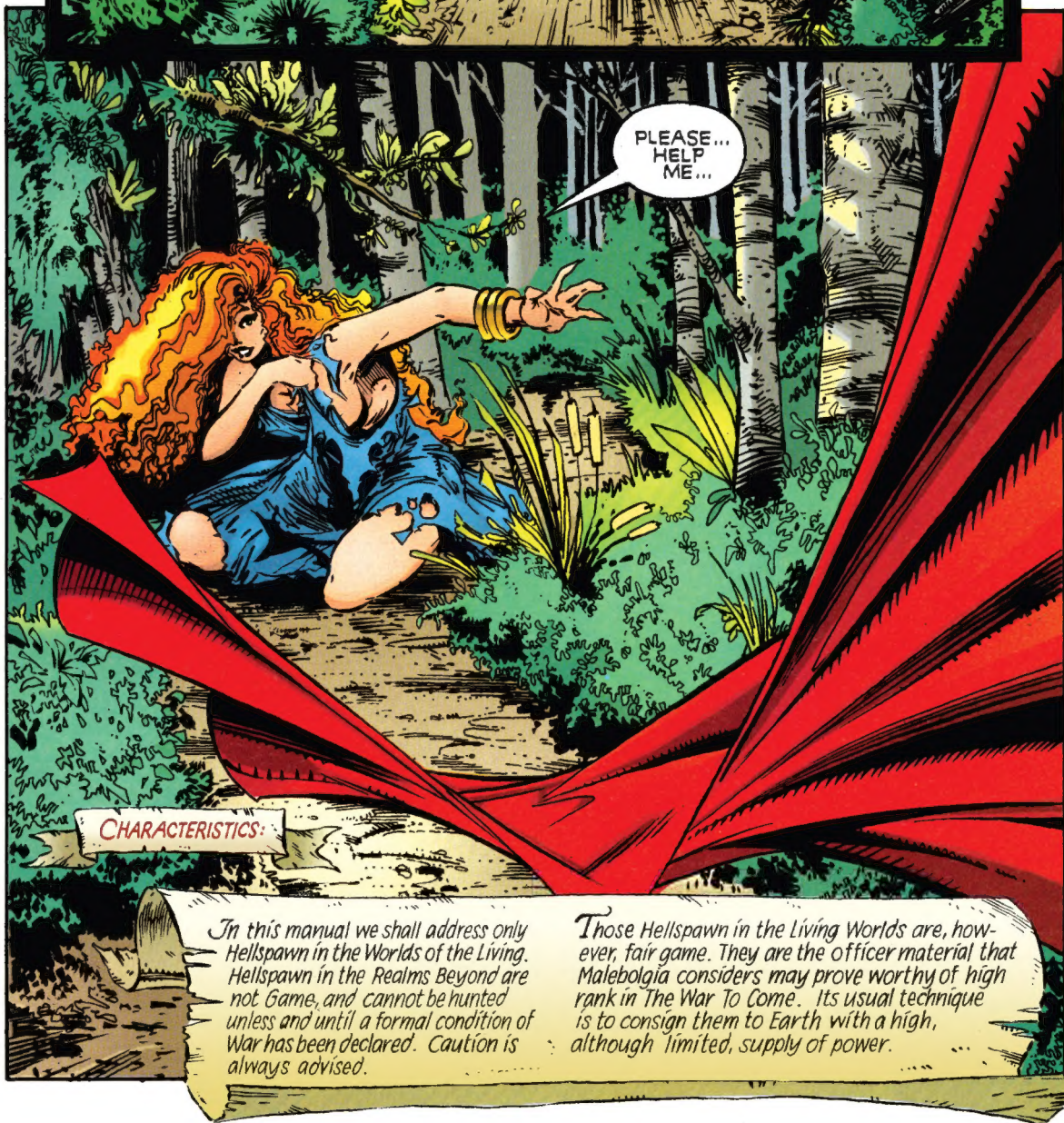


MERCY!
HELP ME!

FOR THE LOVE
OF GOD, WILL
NO-ONE COME?
WILL NO-ONE
SAVE US?

HELLSPAWN:

Identification: The livery of Hell (see illustrations pages 1131-1150 for basic design and variants) is a sentient carapace, which covers the Hellspawn. Many Hellspawn are shapeshifters.



PLEASE...
HELP
ME...

CHARACTERISTICS:

In this manual we shall address only Hellspawn in the Worlds of the Living. Hellspawn in the Realms Beyond are not Game, and cannot be hunted unless and until a formal condition of War has been declared. Caution is always advised.

Those Hellspawn in the Living Worlds are, however, fair game. They are the officer material that Malebolgia considers may prove worthy of high rank in The War To Come. Its usual technique is to consign them to Earth with a high, although limited, supply of power.

A comic book panel showing a Hellspawn character, a blue and silver armored figure with a white mask, bound in chains. He is being led by a large, ornate golden chariot pulled by a brown horse. The horse has a red and blue V-shaped pattern on its face and a red cloth draped over its back. The scene is set in a forest with tall trees.

GOOD
DAY, SWEET
MAIDEN.
YOU ARE
HURT.

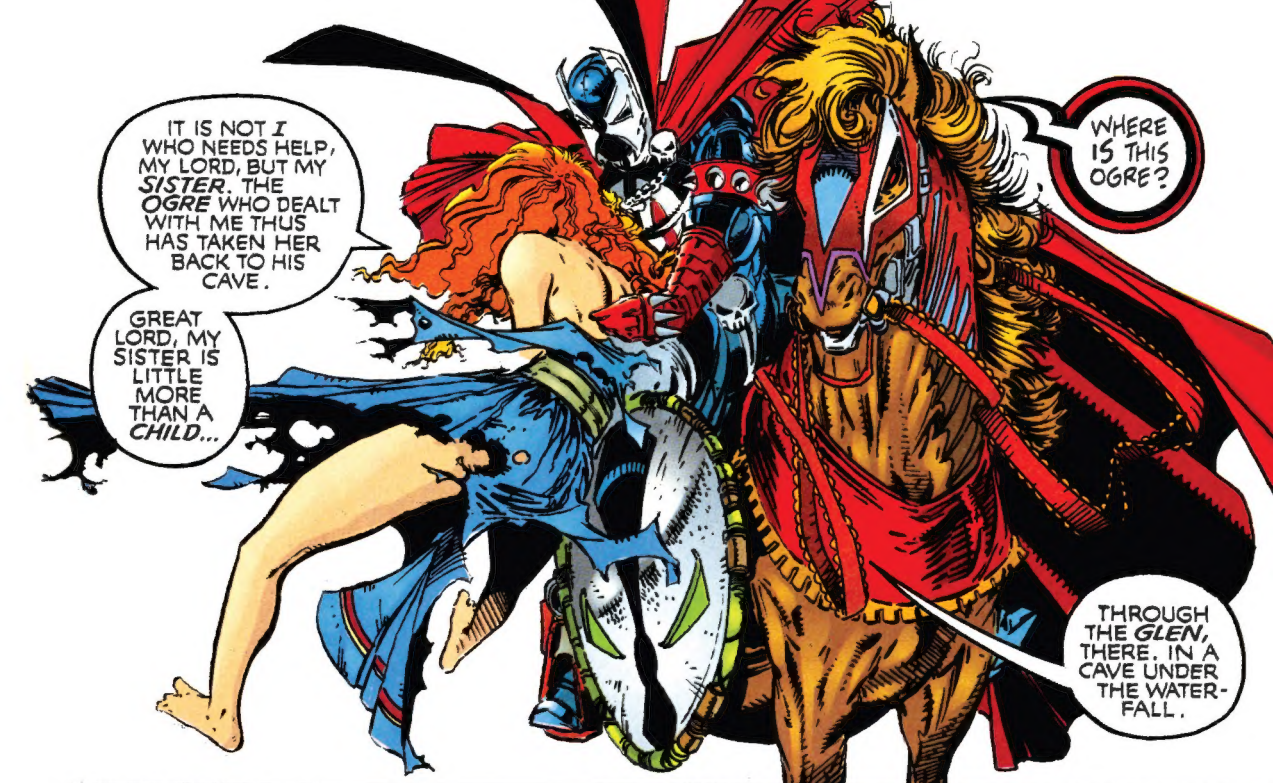
I AM
HURT, MY LORD,
BUT I AM A
MAIDEN NO
LONGER.

YOU
NEED
HELP.

**HUNTING
METHODS:**

*Young Hellspawn
make the best
sport.*





IT IS NOT I
WHO NEEDS HELP,
MY LORD, BUT MY
SISTER. THE
OGRE WHO DEALT
WITH ME THUS
HAS TAKEN HER
BACK TO HIS
CAVE.

GREAT
LORD, MY
SISTER IS
LITTLE
MORE THAN
A CHILD...

WHERE
IS THIS
OGRE?

THROUGH
THE GLEN,
THERE, IN A
CAVE UNDER
THE WATER-
FALL.

Firstly, they are often time-disoriented, having been kept in Stasis fields for five to ten years. Our opponent has found that releasing them into what is, for them, their near future, obliterates and confuses family and emotional connections.

The young hellspawn are often confused and emotional, and respond to 'good' or 'noble' impulses as easily-- or more easily-- than they do to 'evil'. This tendency can be exploited by any experienced hunter.



MY LORD--
WHY DO YOU
COVER YOUR
FACE?

YOU
WOULD NOT
WISH TO SEE
MY FACE,
SWEET
MAIDEN.

YOUR
SISTER,
YOU
SAY...?

I ALSO
HAD A SISTER,
BEAUTIFUL AND WISE,
WHOM I SWORE I
WOULD SEE MARRIED
BEFORE I
DIED.

AND
DID
YOU?

I... WENT
AWAY, FOR MANY
YEARS. WHEN I...
RETURNED, MY
SISTER WAS INDEED
MARRIED...

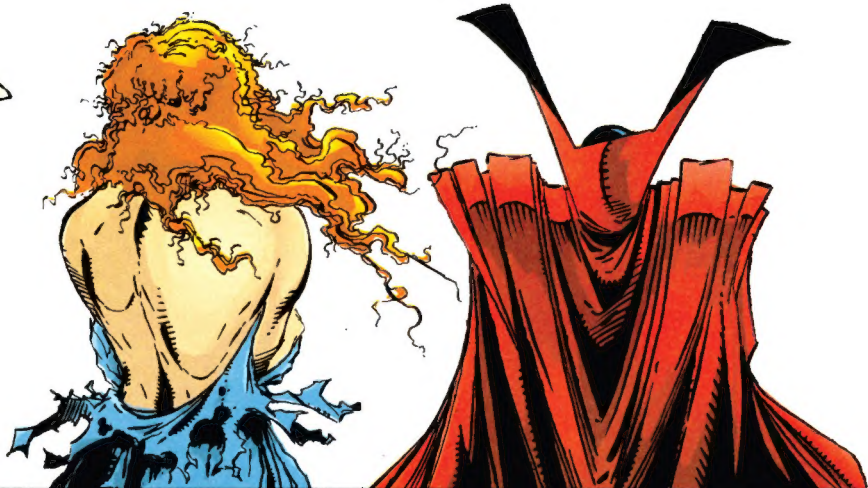
NOT TO THE MAN
I WOULD HAVE CHOSEN,
ALAS. IF WE KNEW
THE FUTURE, WELL,
WHAT THEN?

Secondly, and more importantly, the young Hellspawn has learned nothing about the harnessing and control of its abilities-- some of which, particularly those concerning transmutation and reality adjustment, it may never fully learn or control. It is a thing of raw, but unfocused power, and an intelligent hunter can turn this to advantage.

As Hellspawn get older they also get wilier and more ruthless. They also become much more careful of power expenditure, something with which young Spawn are rash and reckless.

Thirdly, by destroying Hellspawn young, a hunter is performing a valuable service. Each Hellspawn is a potential officer in the army of Hell. The discovery and empowering of a Hellspawn takes much energy and time on the part of the Malebolgia; thus far it has not created more than one in 50 years, and usually not more than one a century.

At the point where its power reservoir is exhausted the Earth-bound Hellspawn return to the Ninth Level. At this point they face the Ordeal of the Dark Carcass.



YOU HAVE NOT TOLD ME YOUR NAME, MY LORD.

I NO LONGER HAVE A NAME.

THERE! THAT IS THE CAVE, IN WHICH THE OGRE HAS MY SISTER. MY LORD, HE IS MOST STRONG AND FEARSOME...

I ALSO AM MOST STRONG AND FEARSOME. YOU SHALL WAIT HERE.

Those who pass become officers in the Army of Hell. Those who fail become food for the soldiers of Hell. Either way, the power of the Malebolgia has increased.

Some older Hellspawn can become quite desperate when they realize what waits for them at the point of power depletion, and will go through quite remarkable efforts to avoid battle or any further depletion of energy.

I WILL
COME IN
WITH YOU.
I KNOW
THE
SECRETS
OF THE
CAVERN,
AFTER
ALL.



IT IS
VERY
DARK.



YOU ARE A
WIZARD!



VERY
WELL.

NO WIZARD,
FAIR ONE. ONCE
I WAS A MAN... A
BAD MAN... NOW...
I KNOW NOT
WHAT I AM.

THIS CAVE...
HOW MUCH
FURTHER
MUST WE
GO?



HUNTING METHODS:

Only a hunter with plenty of time on her hands, a full arsenal, and a willingness to undergo a potentially lengthy period of hardship and discomfort should even consider hunting Hellspawn.

Hellspawn hunting is
unlike other methods
of Hunting.

Stalking a Hellspawn is advisable. Learn its habits.
The Hellspawn when roused are rapid and
tireless.

*It is wise to
Decoy a
Spawn, by
diverting its
attention.*

Oh,
I THINK
WE'VE COME
FAR
ENOUGH.

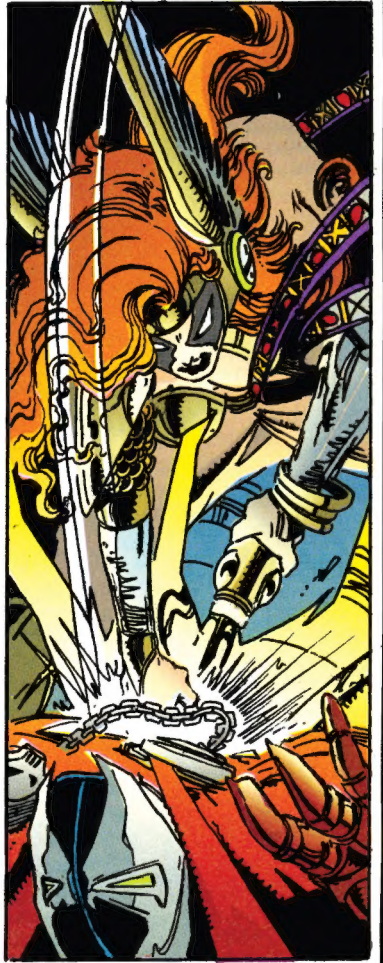
WHAT
MAGIC IS
THIS?

NO
MAGIC,
LITTLE
HELL-
SPAWN.

*A first hard strike will often
take a Spawn out.*



CAUTION: in many young Hellspawn, the carapace is more wily and vicious than the occupant. This must always be guarded against.





WHAT...
WHAT MANNER
OF CREATURE
ARE YOU?

YOU'RE
ONE MORE
LITTLE
PAWN WHO
WILL NEVER
BECOME A
QUEEN.

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY.
HAVEN'T YOU EVER
WONDERED WHO YOU
WERE MEANT TO BE
FIGHTING?

POOR
HELLSPAWN.
YOU AREN'T
THAT BRIGHT,
ARE YOU?

WEAPONRY:

A multitude of weapons can be used to weaken and goad the creature: needlebands, stoners, mutilers, and morningstars, amongst others, according to the hunter's own preferences. (See part XIII "WEAPONRY," chapters 97-104)

However, the most important weapon, and that without which hunting Spawn is not only foolish, but pointless, and virtually suicidal, is the Lance.

The Hellspawn's Carapace sets up interference that will prevent the Lance from activating. It needs to be close in to the Hellspawn before being activated.

Once activated it sets up a dimensional resonance that will lance the Hellspawn from this level of existence like pus from a boil.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

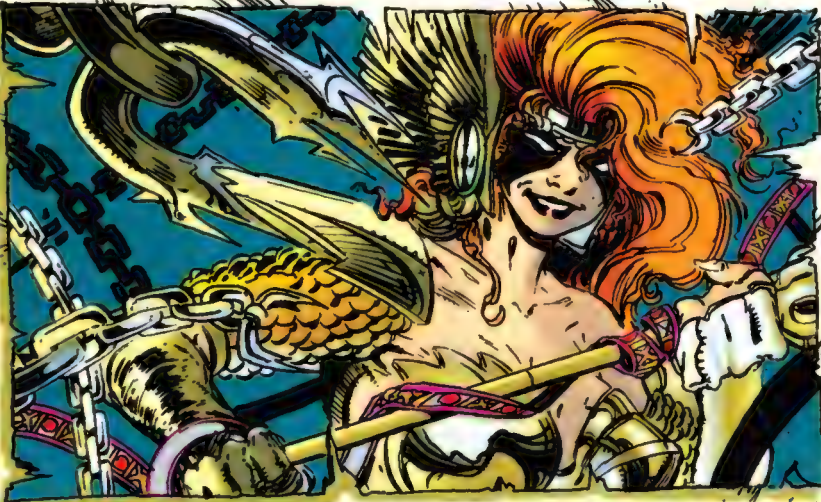
CLICK

"WHAT MANNER
OF CREATURE?"
OK, POOR LITTLE
HELLSPAWN, YOU
HAVE BEEN HUNTED...

NOW YOU'LL NEVER
BE A CAPTAIN IN THE
ARMY OF THE
MALEBOLGIA.

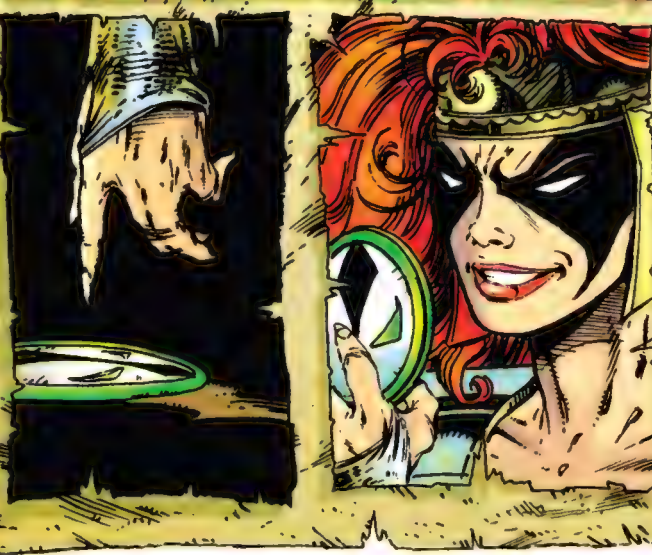
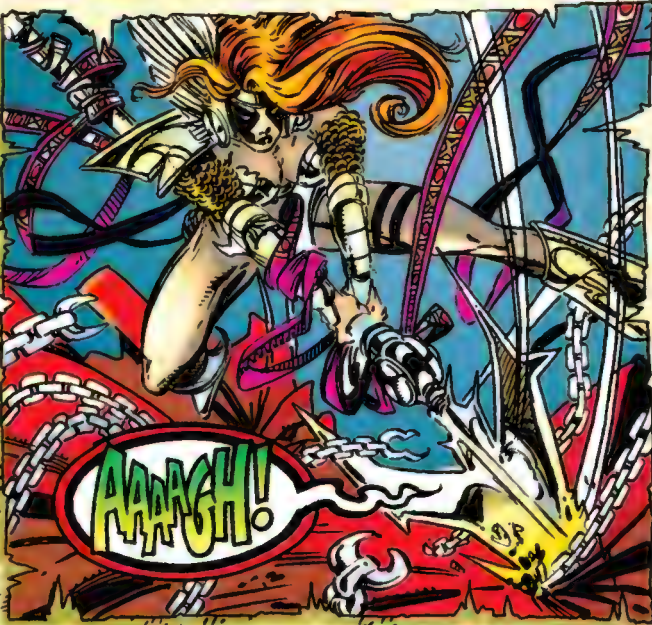
TAAAA

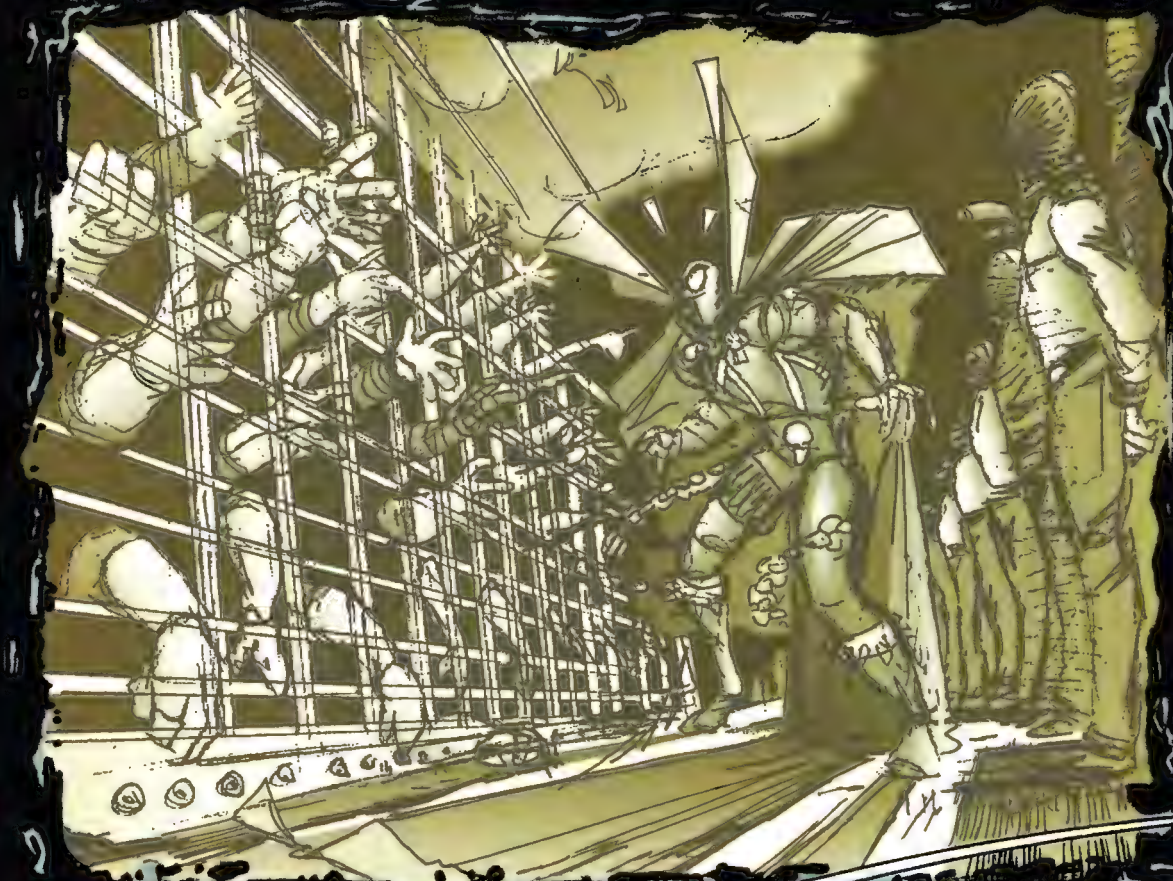
TAAAA



If the Carapace is left behind at this point, it will be in a weakened condition, and easily terminated.

Then all you need to do is take your trophy back, and bask in the praise and admiration of your fellow hunters.





HEY,
MISTER.

uhn...



NOT A
MORNING
PERSON,
huh? I CAN
DIG IT.

JUST THOUGHT YOU'D
WANT TO KNOW. THE COPS
WUZ AROUND AGAIN THIS
MORNING. THEY WUZ ASKIN'
WHETHER WE'D SEEN SOME
GUY IN A BIG CLOAK.

THEY GOT
ONE-A THEM
THINGS. Y'KNOW.
ARTIST'S
RENDITION.

NOT
A BAD
ONE AT
THAT.



WHAT
DID YOU TELL
THEM?

LESSEE. I SAID,
I AIN'T SEEN NOTHING.
JIMMY D., HE SAID HE
HADN'T SEEN NOTHING.
SHERLOCK, HE JUST
BELCHED AND MADE
LIKE HE WAS GOING
TO THROW UP.

AN' TRICKY
DICK, HE TOL 'EM
HE'D SEEN YOU AL-
RIGHT, AN' FOR A
DOLLAR HE'D TELL
'EM WHERE. SO
THEY GAVE HIM A
DOLLAR, AND HE SEZ
HE SEES YOU FLYING
OVER THE CITY EVERY
MORNING, IN A GIANT
PINK CADILLAC, WITH
A BIG GREEN
GORILLA.

HE TOLD THEM
HE THINKS YOU
NEST INNA CHRYSLER
BUILDING.

THAT DICKY.
WHADDA SCREAM, huh?
I TELLYA, IF HE RAN AGAIN,
I'D VOTE FOR HIM,
WATERGATE OR NO
WATERGATE.

I'M
GRATEFUL. DO
YOU THINK
THEY'LL BE
BACK?

THEY'LL
KEEP
COMING
BACK.
WE'LL
KEEP
COVERING
FOR YOU.



IS THERE
ANYTHING
I CAN DO
FOR YOU IN
RETURN?

AFTER WHAT
THE COPS DID
TO JOEY? WHAT
THE MOB DID TO
FREDDY? STICKIN'
IT TO ANY OF
THEM IN ANY
WAY WE CAN...

HEY, IT'S A
PLEASURE.

*SPAWN #5 -- TOM.

NOW, JACK-BOY, DON'T YOU BE SO *HASTY*. IT AIN'T *OFTEN* WE HAVE AN OFFER LIKE THAT.

SAY... IF YOU COULD *CREATE* FOR US MAYBE A CRATE OF *STRAWBERRY RIPPLE WINE*, I THINK WE COULD CONSIDER ALL DEBTS SETTLED.

I'M NOT SURE THAT I...

YOU JUST HAVE TO *CLOSE* YOUR EYES AND *CONCENTRATE*, LAD.

FEEL IT *DEEP INSIDE* YOURSELF.

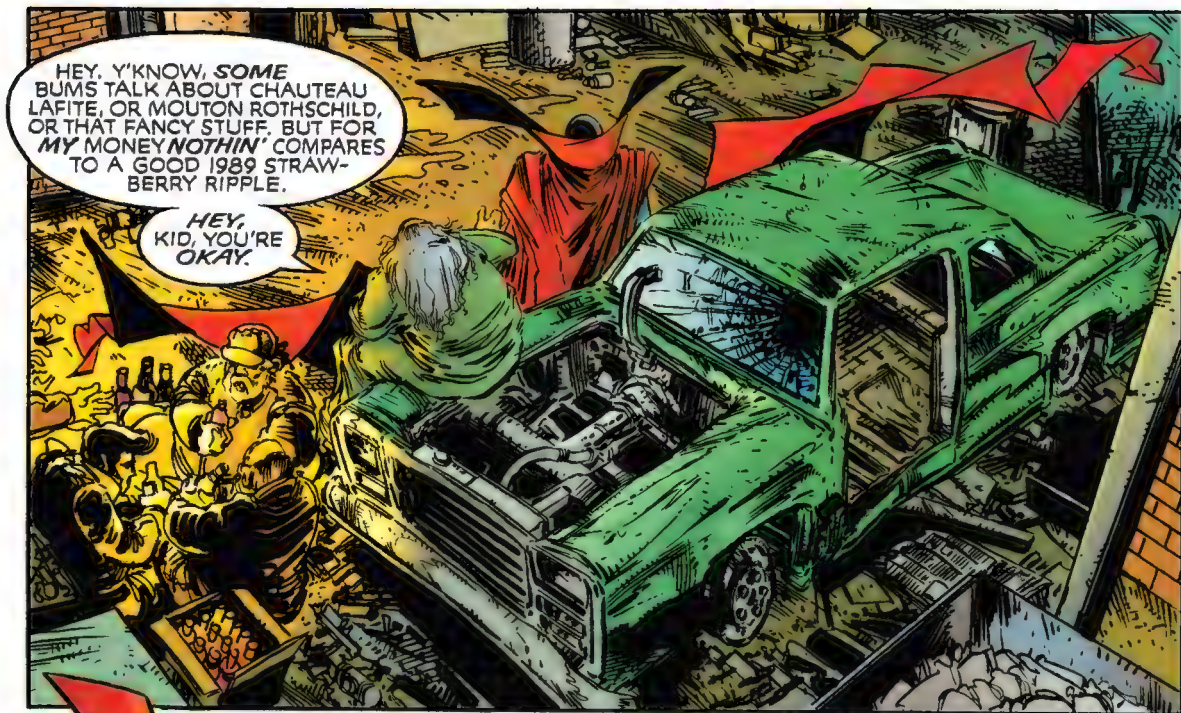
NO... NOT LIKE *THAT*. YOU DO IT LIKE THAT, YOU'LL JUST LOWER YOUR *ENERGY* LEVELS.

8:0:3:1

THE TRICK IS PULLING ENERGY FROM YOUR *COSTUME*. IT'S A NEURAL PARASITE AFTER ALL, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T *BORROW* A LITTLE ENERGY FROM IT IN RETURN...

IT WORKED!

SURE IT DID.



HEY, Y'KNOW, *SOME* BUMS TALK ABOUT CHATEAU LAFITE, OR MOUTON ROTHSCHILD, OR THAT FANCY STUFF, BUT FOR *MY* MONEY *NOTHIN'* COMPARES TO A GOOD 1989 STRAW-BERRY RIPPLE.

HEY, KID, YOU'RE OKAY.



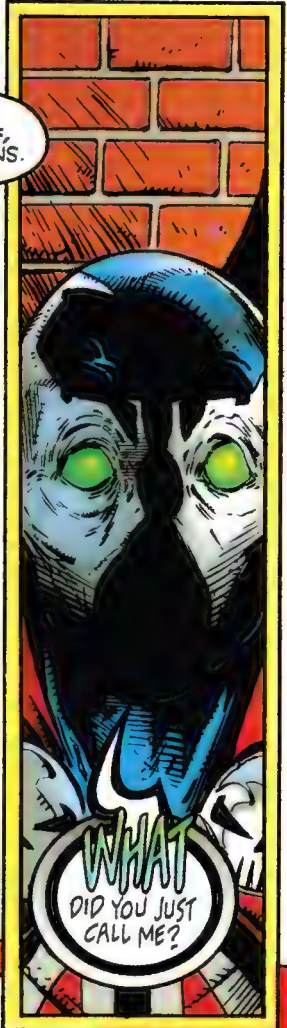
YEAH? WELL, THANK YOU, MISTER...

COUNT. COUNT NICHOLAS CAGLIOSTRO.

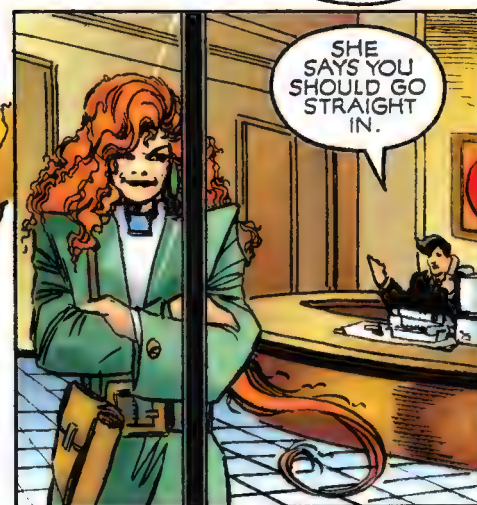
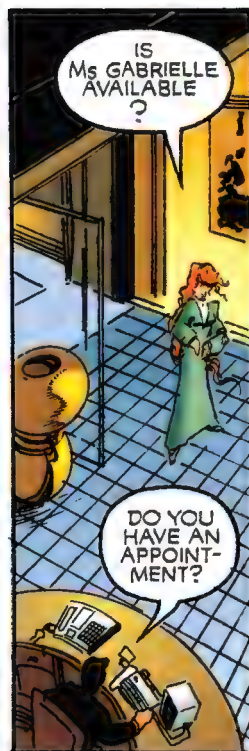
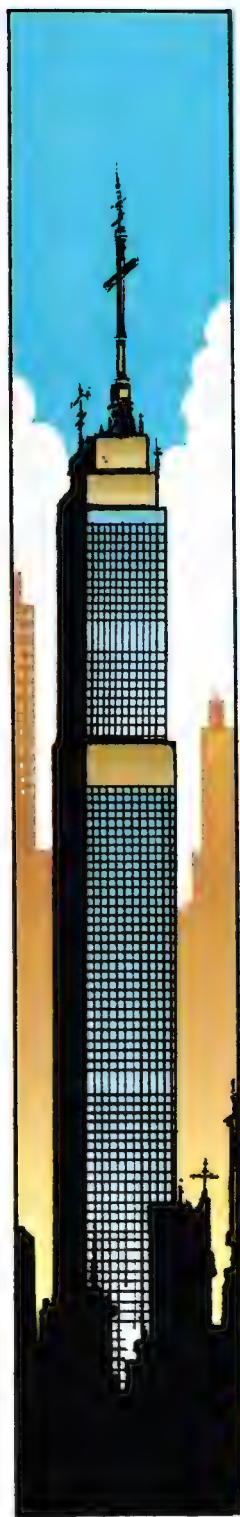
AT YOUR SERVICE, Mr SIMMONS.

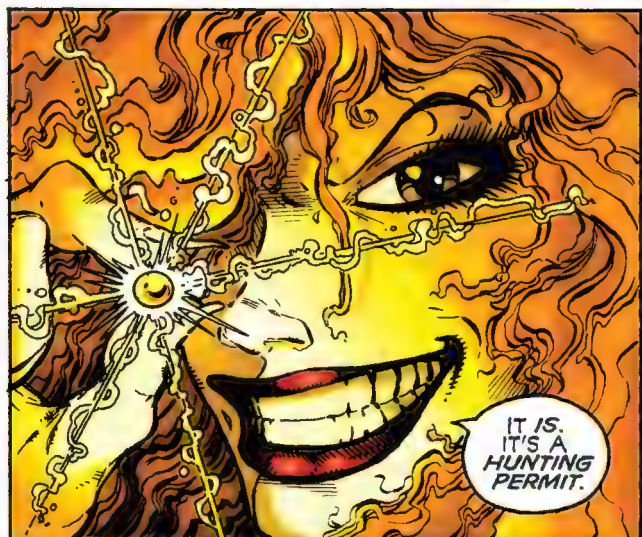
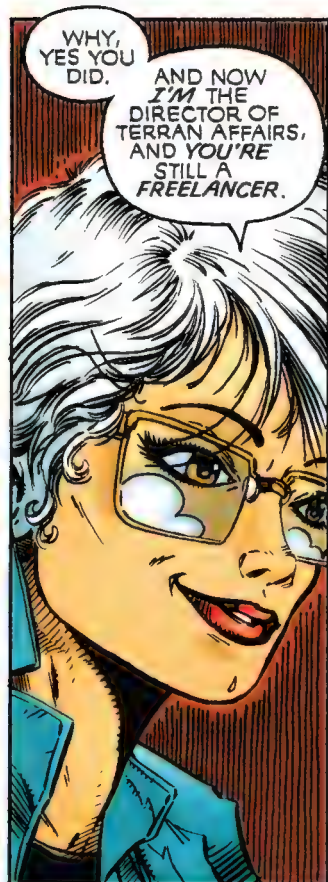
LOOKY EV. IT SAYS IN THE WEEKLY WORLD NEWS YOU JUST GOT MARRIED AGAIN.

NOT ME, SUH. Uh-uh.



WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME?







I SEE.

PUT THAT AWAY, ANGELA.

Hm. YES. I'D HEARD THAT A NEW HELLSPAWN HAD SURFACED. IT'S NOT EXACTLY *HIGH*. ON MY LIST OF PRIORITIES...

OKAY, BUT NONE OF THAT STALKING AND TRAILING NONSENSE.

I CAN'T STOP YOU FROM HUNTING. BUT I WANT THIS ONE QUICK AND CLEAN.

FOR THE LAST TIME: I WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU KNEW I WAS AL SIMMONS.


JEEZ. YOU'RE A GOOD KID, BUT YOU'RE REALLY *NOT* VERY BRIGHT. YOU GOT A WAY TO GO.

I MEAN, I KNEW ALL ABOUT YOUR *COSTUME*. THAT DIDN'T PHASE YOU.

SO I KNOW ABOUT THE *MALEBOLGIA* ...

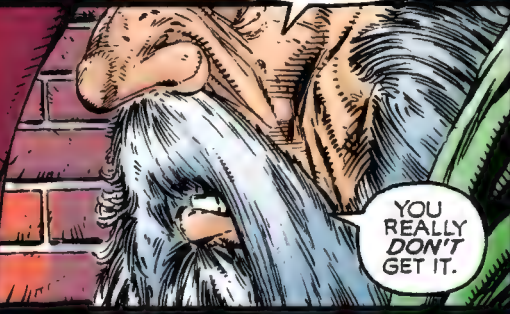
THE WHAT?

THE GUY YOU DID THE *DEAL* WITH. YOU KNOW, "GIVE ME MY WIFE BACK AND I'LL SERVE YOU FOREVER." *THAT GUY.*



I SEE.
SO YOU KNOW
THAT I DID A
DEAL WITH THE
DEVIL.

YOU DID A DEAL
WITH THE **DEVIL**,
huh? YOU HADN'T
EVEN STOPPED TO
THINK ABOUT WHICH
ONE?



WHICH
ONE? THERE IS
ONLY ONE. THE
DEVIL.

YOU
REALLY
DON'T
GET IT.



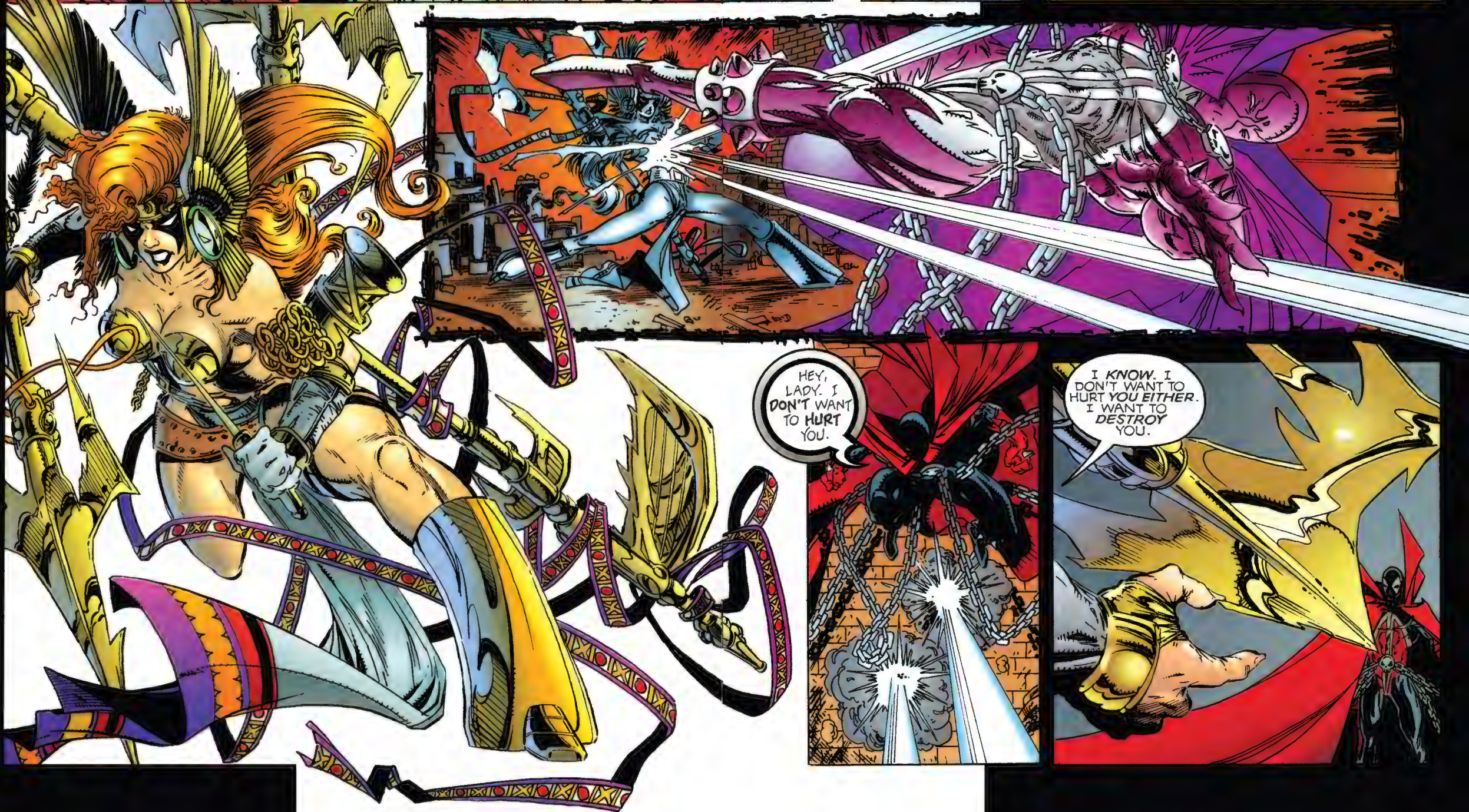
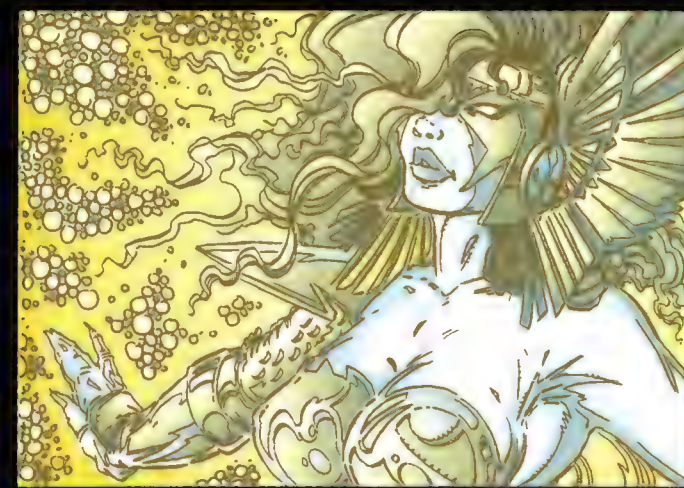
THEIR DEVIL
GAVE THEM POWER
AND WEALTH AND
LOVE AND FAME,
EVERYTHING THEY'D
EVER WANT. THEN HE
COLLECTED, AND
THEY HAVE TO BE
BUMS IN ALLEYWAYS
FOR THE NEXT HOW-
EVER LONG.

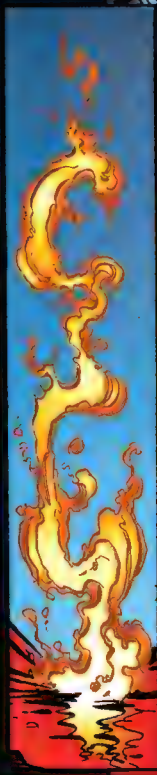
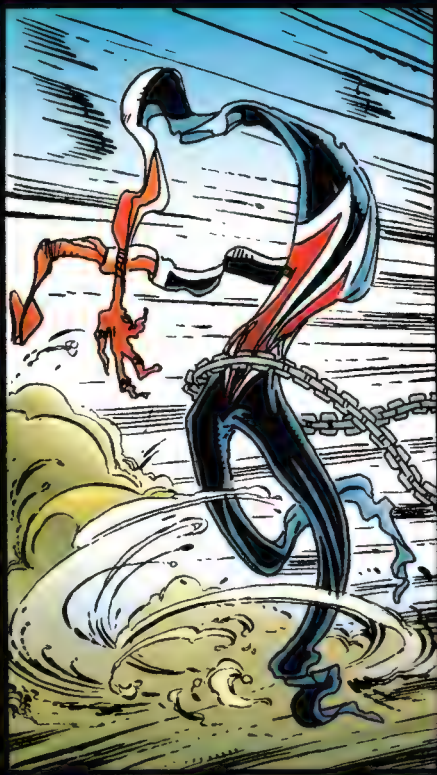
LOOK,
SONNY. THERE'S
A LOT YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ABOUT WHAT'S
BEEN HAPPENING
TO YOU...

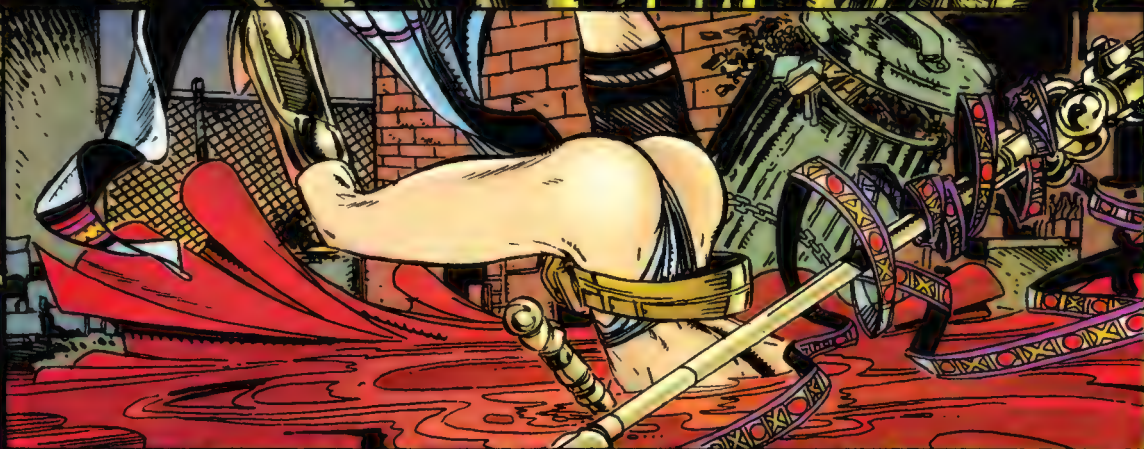
LISTEN, KID,
HALF THE GUYS
IN THIS **ALLEY**
DID A DEAL
WITH A DEVIL
AT SOME
POINT.

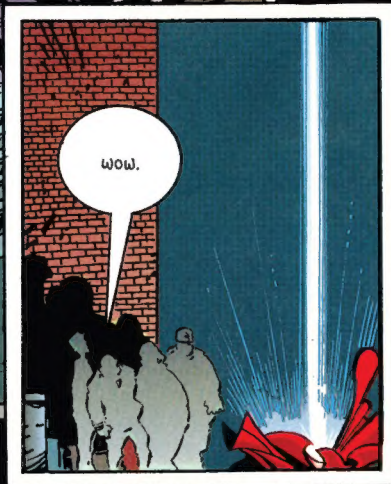


EXCUSE
ME. CAN WE
TALK?











HEY, SIMMONS,
THAT WAS PRETTY
IMPRESSIVE. YOU DON'T
OFTEN SEE AN ANGEL
TAKE OFF LIKE A BAT
OUTTA HELL.
Heheheh...



THAT
WAS AN
ANGEL? BUT
SHE TRIED TO
KILL ME!

LIKE I
SAID. THERE'S
A LOT YOU DON'T
KNOW.

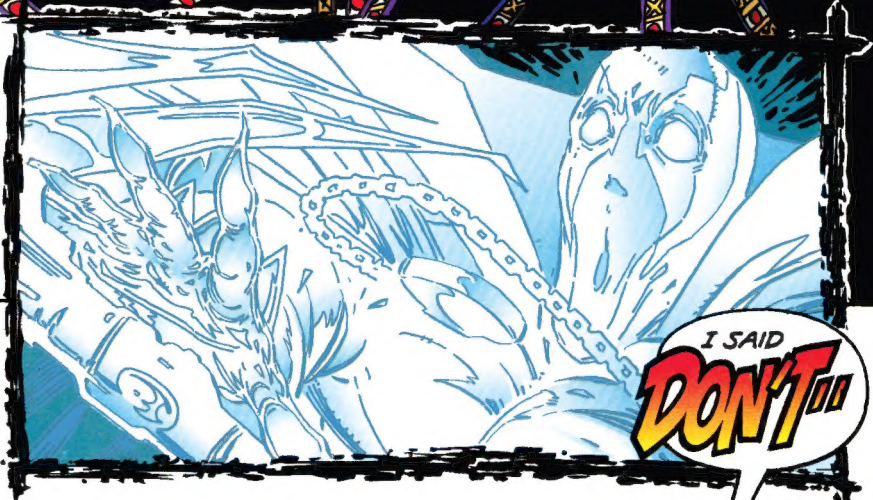
SHE
DROPPED
THIS.

PUT THAT
DOWN. DON'T
TOUCH IT!

BUT
WHAT IS
IT? WHAT
DOES IT
DO?

THERE'S
SOME KIND
OF BUTTON
ON THE
SIDE...

CLICK



I SAID
DON'T!!





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE